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THE

Lehigh



REVIEW



NOV.
15¢

DEEP INTO THE WOODS.

No luxuries here, as "Herb" Welch — famous Maine Guide—makes noon camp. Hearty outdoor appetites welcome the sense of digestive well-being that smoking Camels encourages. As "Herb" says: "I've lived on dried meat and I've dined on the best—but no matter what I'm eating, it always tastes better and digests better when I smoke Camels."



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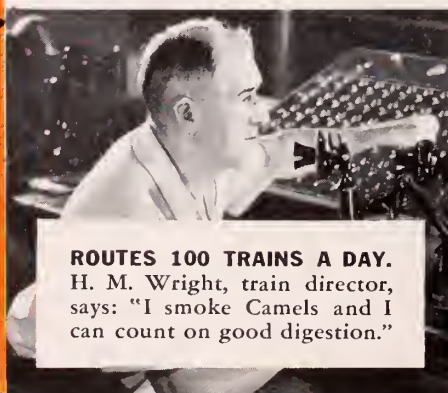
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GLIDER CHAMPION. Mrs. D. Holderman says: "A few Camels, and I eat with relish and feel cheery and at ease afterward."

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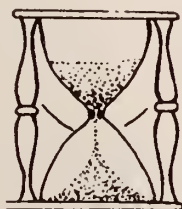
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When we arrived at the Muhlenberg game, which was shortly after three-thirty, we found that the second half had begun and all the students' seats had been taken. We drifted finally to the general admission section on the Muhlenberg side of the stadium and settled among a group of very young boys and rather battered old men. It was our first experience away from contagious excitement of the cheering section, and in the midst of the adult dispassion with which everyone viewed the game we felt callow. We yelled at the first few Lehigh gains, and then lapsed into silence. Beside us was a kid of ten or eleven. He kept shelling peanuts with one hand and stared at the game with keen, cold eyes. After a spectacular touchdown in the last period, he champed a little more slowly. We kept quiet, we were so completely cowed.

We pause to offer our sympathy to Miss Phyllis Barber of Elmira College, Elmira, N. Y. Miss Barber, a fluffy and thoroughly ingenuous little blond of seventeen, was a delegate to an intercollegiate newspaper conference at Muhlenberg College. As a delegate she dined at the A. T. O. house during the week-end. There, to rush the story, she was pursued by one of the resident A. T. O.'s, who was probably confused by her constant glances of admiration. Even more confusing to the A. T. O. was the ease with which he made a date for the next night.

We watched the romance with interest. We had eagerly listened to the fluffy young blonde tell one of her friends that it wasn't so much the A. T. O. that she admired, it was his jacket. He wore a fawn-colored corduroy affair, with large leather buttons and twin breast pockets, each equipped with two fawn-colored pipes. We respected Miss Barber for her unusual sartorial sensibilities, but secretly doubted her ability to keep the jacket in the foreground and the aggressive male under control.

It turned out that our skepticism was justified. The A. T. O., as Miss Barber phrased it, "got fresh with her." As we further overheard, she ordered him to drive her back to the conference headquarters, where she rejoined the newspaper group. When we left that evening she was dancing gaily with a young man in a dark blue serge suit. She seemed quite satisfied to hug the arm of convention.



by Bill Gottlieb

PENNIES From Heaven! Pennies From Heaven! At the time of this writing, the Bing Crosby movie by that name has not yet been released; but the way its hit tunes are already being plugged, you can be assured that for the next month, you'll be hearing and humming the numbers 'till you're green in the face. Decca went about it all in a great big way by issuing a large 12 inch record, *Pennies From Heaven Medley*, that boasts of Bing, Louis Armstrong, Frances Langford, and Jimmy Dorsey all on each side. It's a well worth while novelty. As if this wasn't enough, Crosby puts out a regular 10 inch disc with the title number, *Pennies From Heaven*, and *Let's Call A Heart A Heart*. Then Armstrong follows with *The Skeleton In The Closet* backed by *Hurdy Gurdy Man* (the latter is not from the picture). Finally, Jimmy Dorsey, who accompanied the Crosby-Armstrong releases, solos *Let's Call A Heart A Heart* with *And So Do I* and still another record of *Pennies From Heaven* and *One, Two, Button Your Shoe*.

Victor keeps in the spirit of it all with the help of Ray Noble's outfit who does *Let's Call A Heart A Heart*; *One Two, Button Your Shoe*. Ditto for Brunswick who issued the same set via Art Shaw; and Hal Kemp's *And So Do I* together with, of course, *Pennies From Heaven*.

Briefly summing up all these versions, I can say that there's not a single lemon among them, thanks to a fine selection of artists and the better-than-ordinary composing of writers Johnny Burke and Arthur Johnston.

The host of Goodman fans (he's the No. 1 seller) should particularly welcome *When A Lady Meets A Gentleman Down South* is coupled with *You're Giving Me A Song And A Dance*. This is even better than his usual output, with special praise to the vocals of Helen Ward. He's also done two of the best songs of the year, *Organ Grinder's Swing* and *Peter Piper*; but they suffer a bit by comparison with the previous versions done by Jimmy Lunceford and Bob Crosby, respec-

tively.

Those of you interested in following up our prom orchestras ought to get hold of two neat, swingy bits by Charlie Barnet, *Did You Mean It* and *Rainbow On The River*. These are on two separate Bluebird records. The first he shares with that novel bit of pleasing harshness, Wingy Mannone (*Floatin' Down To Cotton Town*). Wingy also delivers some hot and dirty trumpet in, of all things, *Let Me Call You Sweetheart* and his own composition *Easy Like*. Oh, Babe, Let me call you, Baby, sweetheart, babe, oh babe . . . and so on. The other Barnet disc is paired with another one of those "finds" that Bluebird always manages to dig up at least once a month. This time it's an Amanda Randolph. She puts over some wild bits in *I've Got Something In My Eye* and does still better in some records she has all to herself. Among others, there's *Doin' The Suzi-Q* and *Please Don't Talk About My Man*.

ANDY KIRK—

Steppin' Pretty; Git (Decca). The most perfect platter of the month. Jazz as it should be played and by an orchestra that deserves a hundred times more acclaim than it's been getting. Note Mary Lon Williams, foremost woman swing pianist, and the vocals of Thigpen.

BENNY GOODMAN—

Jingle Bells; Tommy Dorsey—Santa Claus Is Coming To Town (Victor). A combination for the Yuletide atmosphere. Once again Tommy outdoes King Goodman with a whirlwind finish.

ELLINGTON—

Trumpets In Spades; Yearnin' For Love (Brunswick). The Duke's reputedly the head man in the new American art of hot music. Maybe that's why he's sometimes a little above our heads in interpretations. But in these two, he's definitely *there* any way you look at it. And what a trombone in the latter number! Also *Srance Shuffle; The Mystery Song* (Bluebird) and some more of his sensitive rhythms.

BERT AMBROSE—

Cuban Pete; Lost My Rhythm, Lost



You are invited to hear
"the most exquisite melodies ever written" . . .

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My Music, Lost My Man (Decca). The finest orchestra outside America keeps up to par with an amusing rhumba, and a straight piece that can be proud of Evelyn Dall's vocals.

BEN POLLACK—

I'm One Step Ahead Of My Shadow; I Couldn't Be Mad At You (Brunswick). This Ben is back with us, again, with the title "Sultan of Swing" to boot. At times, he's almost indistinguishable from the other Ben. Goodman. That should be enough for anyone's money.

STELLA JOHNSON and

DOROTHY SCOTT—

Don't Come Over; Hot Nuts Swing (Decca). This collection is filthier than any ditties you've ever heard at a bull session. The boys will wear this record out in two days at the most. So would the girls if they ever got hold of it.

FATS WALLER—

La-De-De, La-De-Da; Lounging At The Waldorf (Victor). More of that delightful nonsensical chatter incidental to the finest piano in the business.

JIMMY HORSEY—

Parade Of The Milk Bottle Caps; Don't Look Now (Decca). The very best record I've ever heard by this definitely superior band. The first produces some mighty weird effects and shouldn't be missed.

McKINNEY'S COTTON PICKERS—

Beedle Um Bum; Selling That Stuff. Jelly-Roll Morton and, his Red Hot Peppers—Mournful Serenade; Red Hot Pepper (both Bluebirds). Repressings. I believe, and chiefly items of interest for those interested in real jazz as played by two of its earliest and best exponents.

FRANCES LANGFORD with

JIMMY DORSEY—

I've Got You Under My Skin; Rap Tap on Wood . . . Swingin' The Jinx Away; Easy To Love. (Deccas). Frances has rapidly become one of our better vocalists. She's fine on the first two but seems to forget her sense of direction on the rest.

•
"Oh, my God. Countess!"

Wazza matter? Somebody missing?"

—*Kansas Sour Owl*

•
Judge: What do you do for a living?
Victim: I'm night orderly in the hospital.

Judge: Thirty days for panhandling.

—*West Point Pointer*



VINCENT J. PAZZETTI, III
Bus. '37

President of his class, Varsity quarterback, captain of Scabbard and Blade, president of Alpha Kappa Psi, business manager of the Freshman Handbook, and comic lead of "Prom Trotters," a musical comedy, Pat has led a busy, successful life at Lehigh. He came to Lehigh because:

"A sound education and a solid, loyal alumni impressed me."

Lehigh's alumni have impressed many others also by their success in life. They are loyal to their alma mater because they realize that much of their success is due to that sound education which Lehigh offers in its three colleges.

Arts and Science

General cultural courses; preparation for graduate work in dentistry, law, medicine or the ministry; professional preparation for teaching and journalism.

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Preparation for positions in banking and investments, accounting, insurance, advertising, selling, general business.

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For information write or interview

Wray H. Congdon

Director of Admissions

CAMPUS QUIZ

Take a crack at some questions the Faculty never dreamed of. Even if you're a freshman, these ought to be easy.

1. One week before final exams began last May, Arcadia voted 33-4 for: (a) a winter houseparty on interfraternity ball weekend; (b) legalization of student election combines; (c) revision of rushing rules to refer offenses to the judicial committee; (d) centralization of records of campus undergraduate organizations.

2. An enrollment of 1600 students this fall includes approximately: (a) 350 seniors; (b) 420 juniors; (c) 350 sophomores; (d) 580 freshmen.

3. In spite of the abnormally large registration, concern is felt by the University over: (a) bad health of senior class; (b) poor scholastic average of junior class; (c) low arts school enrollment; (d) infantile cerebellitis in five sophomore engineering physicists.

4. During the summer, Sand Island in the Lehigh's rocky rapids acquired 13 tennis courts plus all accessories. The name of the island tract on which the courts are located is: (a) Dorney Park; (b) Calypso Park; (c) Yakarus Park; (d) Bethel Park; (e) Franklin Park.

5. A campaign to secure the membership of Bethlehem Steel Company's thousands of workers is being carried on by: (a) Committee for Industrial Organization; (b) Public Works Progress Corporation; (c) Republic Steel corporation; (d) Council of the Discussion Forum.

6. It is widely known that Dr. Neil Carothers was adviser to Col. Frank Knox, Republican vice-presidential candidate. Less fully appreciated is Dr. Frederick A. Bradford's post as: (a) economics adviser to Gov. Alf. M. Landon; (b) chairman of Northampton County Republican club; (c) financial adviser to the Republican National committee; (d) banking adviser to Col. Frank Knox.

7. University regulations call for one-way traffic: (a) on the west side of Coppee hall; (b) up New Street to the flag pole; (c) east past Packer hall; (d) on the south side of the Physics laboratory.

8. Bethlehem's Mayor Pfeifle in a

new safety drive has decreed that traffic violators shall be punished by: (a) \$50 fine minimum; (b) suspension of license for 13 days; (c) having their front tires painted red and yellow; (d) 3 days in jail minimum; (e) having their rear tires painted blue and purple.

9. Packard laboratory's famous car-in-a-glass-box, the first Packard made, is mounted so that its steering paraphernalia faces: (a) east; (b) west; (c) north; (d) south; (e) the rear.

10. Conrad Thibault, appearing February in the student concert-lecture series, is well known not only for outstanding performances on the concert stage but also for: (a) construction of a "bathysphere;" (b) appearing in "While Rome Burns;" (d) acting in the radio "Show Boat;" (e) writing the stage hit "Lysistrata;" (c) portrayal in the movie "Tale of Two Cities."

ANSWERS ON PAGE 26

Collegiana

It's a helluva situation up at Yale
(or in jail);

It's a helluva situation out at Penn
(or the pen);

But just picture the desperation

And just hear the agitation

When the word goes 'round that
Princeton is for men.

—Exchange

He—I'm coming in. How can I get
this door open?

She—The key is under the mat, but
please don't come in.

—Widow

Princess of Wales

An actor acquaintance sent us the following story.

Noel Coward 'phoned a friend in London and asked him to lunch.

"I'm sorry," the friend said, "but I'm lunching with the Prince of Wales."

"How about dinner?" said Mr. Coward. "Sorry, old man," was the answer. "I'm having dinner with the Prince, too."

"Lunch tomorrow?" asked Noel. "I have another engagement with His Highness," he was told.

"Well, you know," Coward told him, "you can't ever be Queen of England."

—Lyre

Playing Hooky

"See that fellow over there? It's his job to travel all over the country."

"Why? What does he do?"

"He's a truant officer for a correspondence school."

—Penn Punch Bowl

There was a little pup

That met a little tree;

The little tree said,

"Come, pup, have one on me.

The little pup replied,

As gentle as a mouse,

"No, thanks, little tree,

I just had one on the house."

—Penn Punch Bowl

Two English gentlemen were standing, aiting for someone to come from the powder room. A moment later two women walked out. The first Englishman said, "Oh, I say, what do you know about that, here comes my wife with my mistress."

The second Englishman said, "By jove, you took the words right out of my mouth."

—Penn Punch Bowl

Knock, knock!

Who's there?

Wetherby!

Wetherby who?

Wetherby hanged, Lady! "Weather" gets the ha-ha from Double-Mellow Old Gold's *double*-Cellophane package. Rain or shine! Hot or cold! Any climate! Anywhere! Any time! . . . you'll find Double-Mellow Old Golds are always factory-fresh. Thanks to those 2 jackets of the finest moisture-proof Cellophane on every package. And don't forget O.G.s. are blended from the choicest of the *prize crop* tobaccos!

ZIPS OPEN DOUBLE-QUICK!



Outer Cellophane Jacket opens from the Bottom.
Inner Cellophane Jacket opens from the Top.

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PRIZE CROP TOBACCOS MAKE THEM **DOUBLE-MELLOW**
2 JACKETS OF "CELLOPHANE" KEEP THEM **FACTORY-FRESH**

THIS is an unofficial and strictly individual interpretation of what one man thinks is the majority opinion of the Lehigh University family—undergraduates, alumni, faculty, administrative force—about amateur and professional inter-collegiate sport. The writer believes that most Lehigh men are in favor of honest, amateur teams and, as it appears to him, says why they take that position.

Discriminating between motives, means and results, we define an athletic scholarship as a scholarship paid to or for a student because and primarily because he is an athlete, his expected athletic achievements constituting the institution's motive. A scholarship is not an athletic scholarship if, as a result of awarding it, the college secures an athlete. The scholarship may be awarded to a young man who is a scholar, in financial need, of good character, a leader, a writer and an athlete, and awarded primarily because he is an able and needy student of good character. As a result of that award the college would get an athlete but the scholarship would be a scholastic scholarship and not an athletic scholarship. What makes a scholarship an athletic scholarship is the determination to get an athlete. What is decisive is the motive. That is why charges of subsidizing (awarding athletic scholarships) cannot easily be preferred. Motives are private. The basis of public charges must be public facts. In its present form intercollegiate athletics must be conducted as an honor system.

Democracy demands education of all who have merit. Many of these need financial aid. Let financial aid be given in scholastic scholarships awarded under high standards for scholastic ability, financial need and good moral character. On this basis let us take our chances on the number of athletes incidentally thus secured. To be dishonest about sport in order that all needy boys may go to college and that good (increased education) may thus come to our nation is to argue that dishonesty is necessary and that our nation can thrive on it. Neither claim has been proved. On the contrary it is now being proved that numerous scholastic scholarships honestly awarded in accordance with high standards can solve the problem of the education of needy boys and **incidentally** and scholastically the problem of athletic material.

The word semi-pro makes as much sense as the words semi-amateur, semi-honest, semi-two, semi-four.

Football is a game played for fun. College football is played by college men for some college fun and is played in their college character. The contests should be consistent with the nature of the colleges or they are played out of the college's own

HONEST ATHLETICS IN HONEST COLLEGES

by *Claude G. Beardslee*

Professor of Moral and Religious Philosophy

nature and class. College games must be honest because, in a democracy, colleges must be honest.

The essence of the college spirit is not hollering, but intelligent honesty. It is devotion to the cooperative and competitive selection of the best. It is belief, your theory—or your team. If your primary good will in accepting, if necessary, defeat for your purpose is to win, then, in defeat, your purpose is not served. But if your chief interest is in honest sport for fun, then you are essentially invincible and can always enjoy the competition. The rah - rah spirit is weakening but the essential college spirit is stronger than it ever was before.

There can be honesty on the professional level as well as on the amateur level. Professional scholars who are professors can be just as intelligently honest as financially independent amateur scholars who are professors. The difficulty with subsidized athletics is not that it is professional, for professional athletics can be honest, but that it is professional when it is advertised as being amateur.

College students in general believe that justice is better than injustice and honesty better than dishonesty and they want to be just and honest.

A university which teaches ethics in classrooms and practices dishonesty in athletics is a crooked university, degrades education and is a traitor to our young men and to democracy.

A university which will subsidize players, publicly misrepresenting the facts is capable of subsidizing beliefs, publicly misrepresenting the facts.

A game in which "the evidence is cooked", personal injustice deliberately enacted, facts about players misrepresented or anything else done to hinder or prevent the honest victory of the better team—is a game which is false to our American ideals. At heart, Americanism is devotion to the competitive selection of the better man, the better book, the better belief, the better theory and, in games, the better man or team. Crookedness in stealing a car is an offense against property. Crookedness in not listening honestly to evidence against

your beliefs or in misrepresenting the facts about an amateur belief or about a professional halfback reported to be an amateur, is an offense against our American form of life.

When honest and democratic competition in thinking is linked with dishonest competition in games, a college is divided against itself in its inner nature and is a thief of student honor.

A university which in any field enacts an intellectual dictatorship which puts belief first and facts second can consistently enact planned athletics which puts winning first and honesty second.

A university which in every field enacts an intellectual democracy which puts facts first and beliefs second can intellectually afford to be honest in athletics also. Intercollegiate student athletic competition at its best is an expression in sport of intercollegiate faculty intellectual competition in study. In each case the competition is honest, proceeds under rules and ends in the selecting the best,—the best team in a group and the best thinking in a field.

What Americans want is the best. If the best is new they want what is new, not because it is new but because it is the best. American students want the best. They want the best of everything, but they have a scale of values and they see that something better of one kind may mean something worse of another. They want a good athletic team rather than a bad one and a better team rather than a merely good one, but if getting a better team means having a poorer university they would rather stick to a good team and have a good university and that goes for a poor team or for having no team. We may recall that it has been proved in a famous American university that it is not necessary to have a football team at all.

The more earnestly young men put their careers first and believe a sound education will furth-

er them, the more clearly they see that football is a subordinate matter and must not be conducted in a way which might injure the career value of their diploma. Football is a contact sport but thinking is also a contact sport and so is business. In all sports, students realize, men want honest sportsmen and tend to distrust in one sport men trained to be dishonest in another sport. Football crowds make lots of noise but qualifying for a career is a silent and lonely business and the executives who make the decisions about a man just don't care how many times he hollered for Siwash on sixteen Saturday afternoons.

The more earnestly colleges and universities believe their influence makes a difference, the more steadfastly they should, if only selfishly, set an honest example in all things. Colleges serve as well as lead the people and free people will tolerate dishonesty in themselves but not in their servants.

Lehigh men know what all may know, that Lehigh University is honest. And other men join Lehigh men in saying: Keep it so.



Photograph by McCaa

LEHIGH played its first football game in 1884 at Easton, Pa., and lost to Lafayette, 50-0. Since then, the two schools have met once or more each year with the exception of 1896. The series of 69 games, the longest in the country, now stands: Lehigh 26 victories, and 4 ties.

* * *

Richard Harding Davis, afterwards famous as a novelist and war correspondent, played right halfback on the first Lehigh football team and scored the first touchdown for Lehigh in a game with Lafayette in 1884 which Lafayette won, 34-4. Earlier in the season, Lafayette had defeated Lehigh, 50-0.

* * *

Lehigh won its first football game on Nov. 14, 1885 when Rutgers was defeated 10-5. This was the ninth football game in Lehigh history. The eight previous games resulted in seven defeats for Lehigh and a lone 0-0 tie with Lafayette.

Lucky 13—Lehigh football teams played for over 33 years before a Lehigh team scored exactly 13 points. Since the ice was broken in 1917 when Lehigh defeated Ursinus 13-7, Lehigh has scored 13 points fifteen times. Eleven of these games brought victory to Lehigh, two defeats, and two ties. Included in these victories were such outstanding games as the 13-9 victory over Princeton in 1930, Lehigh's first triumph over the Tiger in 33 games; the 13-12 victory over Lafayette in 1929, the first since 1918; and Lehigh's

next victory over the same school in 1934 by a score of 13-7.

Both defeats were by one point. One was that by Muhlenberg in 1921. The Mules were behind 13-0 at the beginning of the last quarter. Coach Glick of Lehigh withdrew his regulars and was unable to send them back into the game. The Mule regulars then proceeded to score 14 points. The game is said to have cost Glick his job. The two tie games were with Rutgers in 1924 and Drexel in 1932.

* * *

Unlucky 13—In Lehigh's thirty-ninth year of football, Rutgers became the first opponent to score exactly 13 points. Rutgers won 13-7. Five other opponents have since scored that number of points. Three of them defeated Lehigh, and the other two tied.

* * *

The zero year of Lehigh football was 1899. Lehigh was whitewashed in nine of the eleven games played. The other two games were victories over Rutgers, 10-0, and over New York University, 50-0.

* * *

On a Southern tour in 1889, Lehigh on three successive days defeated Navy, 26-0, John Hopkins, 40-0, and Virginia, 26-12.

* * *

Lehigh's football players in ancient days were gluttons for punishment. In 1894, when the enrollment was about 500, the 14 game schedule included: two games with Princeton, Yale, and Lafayette; and single games with Rutgers, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, Carlisle, Orange A. C., North Carolina, and Navy. Lehigh won six of the games.

* * *

Maybe, there is something to that expression "the good old days." Memories of the past: 1886—Lehigh 28, Pennsylvania 0; 1887—Lehigh 38, Cornell 10; 1888—Lehigh 74, Bucknell 0; 1889—Lehigh 106, Penn State 0; Lehigh 51, Columbia 6; 1893—Lehigh 18, Army 0; Lehigh 12, Navy 6; Lehigh 34, North Carolina 0; 1899—Lehigh 50, New York University 0.



TWO-YEAR HOUSEPARTY

Are Prep Schools Worthwhile? It Depends on What You Want

by George P. Orr

A TWO-YEAR houseparty—that's what it amounted to. Oh, I suppose I did do a little work now and then, but it wasn't like the public school I went to. I changed over from high-school to preparatory school in my junior year—that would be eleventh grade. I guess I was well enough behaved as a student before I changed, but it was marks that my folks were thinking about. They got material proof every month or so that mine were low. I was getting through all right, but I was just barely under the wire. I wanted to go to college after I graduated, but I didn't want to take college board examinations, because I knew that I couldn't pass them. I don't think I could pass them now without cramming, and I've been in college for three years.

As far as I could see, this prep school I went to based its entire policy on coaxing the thick-skulled off-spring of the four hundred to memorize college board examinations. There were exceptions, of course. Some wanted to graduate for no other reason than to get out of school. Others thought it was time they stopped being nineteen years old and started playing football for a college somewhere. I, frankly, wanted the school's diploma to get me into college without taking entrance examinations—it worked, too. That was the drawing card—the school had a name. When you mentioned it, college registrars had a way of reaching for the entrance blanks. Where the fame came from I haven't the faintest idea.

Let me make a few scholastic comparisons between the high-school and the prep school I attended. A passing public high-school grade in all subjects was 70 as compared with the preparatory school's 60. Getting a 60 in the private school meant being in the classroom during recitations. A grade of 70 in the high-school meant knowing 70 per cent of the subject matter of the course. A college certificate or recommendation for college entrance without

examinations was awarded in the high-school to those with grades over 85 in all college credit subjects. The prep school gave the same awards for grades over 70. In high-school the deciding grade was 85 with no further discussion. In the private school, if you could turn a good sob story and if your financial or social position was such that you promised a future customer of your alma mater, a few sixties would be passed over. The "future customer" phrase explains a great deal.

This preparatory school is not heavily endowed. It is, and has been for a good many years, run as a business proposition. In the old days—it was founded in 1858—it prospered because people recognized it as a place where their children could learn. About fifteen years ago people stopped wanting their children to learn and wanted to see report cards with A's and B's on them. That was when business fell off. Other private schools jumped at the chance. They passed out A's and B's until it hurt, or until it should have hurt. Parents began to think that because Sonny made an A at a private school that was a D at public school, then the private school had some magic power over Sonny's lazy mind that transformed Sonny into a mental genius. I think that the trend back to public schools because of the depression has cleared up a lot of this false reasoning.

As for moral training in my alma mater, and in other schools of its type with which I am acquainted, I cannot say that there was any at all. Bad boys and girls were laughed at in public school. In the private school we laughed *with* them. Even after I had spent two years in the prep school, some of the things the boys did never failed to disgust me. Their relations with girls and their flippant attitude toward indecency was pretty revolting. I don't think I was so puritanical, either.

What really annoyed me was that

continued on page 26



Mountain Typhoon

A Story

by Melvin S. Lord



Illustrations by Fairbanks

west, rustling the bamboo, and drying our damp bodies.

We did not particularly notice the heavier clouds that began to rush across the sky.

Some of us had just arisen to go to our tents when the native cook came to where we were all gathered and told us that a typhoon was coming up and that we had better move our camp and equipment back to high ground away from the stream. A hill-man had just come to the cook from a little village up on the side of the mountain, warning him of the same thing, saying that the storm was going to be a big one. Even though most of us knew that when a mountain man said a typhoon was coming, it came whether the weather bureau forecast it or not, we were awfully tired, and moving camp on the word of an evil-smelling, naked Snyoc tribesman held no appeal whatever. But the geologist who headed our party rounded up some of the lowland native packers, and moved most of our equipment back a hundred yards or so to higher ground. Some of the older men also moved their tents back. But four or five of us said a quiet "Nnt!" and crawled into our tents and promptly went to sleep.

From somewhere out of the oblivion of a tired boy's sleep, I was suddenly brought bolt upright in my cot. And into what a different world I awakened! The wind and rain were roaring outside—how my flimsy duck tent had withstood them so far I cannot understand. Hardly had I awakened when the tent pegs suddenly gave way with a crash and I was thrown to the ground by the force of the wind on the now free canvas which flipped my cot over as though it were a newspaper. Fumbling and tearing my way around, I at last got free from the tent and found myself in the deepest and most terrifying blackness I ever hope to experience. Drenched, with only a pair of pajama pants on, rain drops striking

bare chest and head like bullets, the wind howling and tearing at my body so that I could hardly stand, and the night so black that one could feel it clutching, I stood for a moment, then dropped to the flattened tent and began fumbling for a flashlight and shoes.

Finding them at last, I began a search for the other boys. They must have awakened at the same time I did, for all were scrambling over their flattened tents, trying to find flashlights and clothes and salvage some of their property. Helping them for a moment, I went back to where my tent had been and began trying to find clothes too, for I was nearly freezing. The wind and rain had almost doubled in volume, and only people who have seen two feet of water fall in twenty-four hours of a typhoon can picture that almost solid wall of water roaring down on the wind. I could not breathe except with my back to the wind, and my flashlight, a good one, thank heavens, made only a tiny splash of light in the murkiness of it all.

As I fumbled around for a moment,
continued on page 19

THE short evening meal of red mountain rice, canned meat, and black coffee was finished, and darkness was falling quickly on our camp in the mountain valley. It had been a busy day of exploration, and some of us were casting longing eyes toward the tents where were our sleeping cots and mosquito nets. We had been in the camp for nearly two weeks, climbing, scrambling and digging, everyday looking for quartz outcroppings and taking a little numbered bag of sample from each that we found. We were making a preliminary survey on some mining claims for which a large company in Manila held an option. It was tremendously interesting work at first, but we were tired of our native diet of rice and canned meat, boiled water and black coffee.

That day had been especially hard, for it had been stifling hot, and not a breath of wind had stirred to cool our sweating bodies. But late in the afternoon a few clouds had drifted over, very high up, and we had breathed in relief from the glare of the sun when one cast its shadow on us. That evening we had hurried into camp, anxious to bathe, eat, write our daily report, and get to bed. Now as we sat there smoking a last cigarette, a breeze came quickly up the valley from the





Above: Harry (under the hat) draws pretty topographic pictures. Students examine rock specimen: "Sphalerite, Harry?"

Center: "General Grant was on a binge at the Red Lion Hotel in Quakertown, while . . ."

Right: "The water goes slishy-sloshy (note gesture) over the rocks."



Lower right: "... Mr. Grace's cesspool is no good."



IS THAT ALL RIGHT? Some Extra-Curricular Impressions

by Louis Stoumen

Geol. 6. Geology Laboratory and Field Trips. Trips to the excellent examples of varied structures and numerous quarries and mines where slate, cement rock, limestone, sandstone, gneiss, serpentine, iron, and zinc are or were once obtained, and gravel, sand, clay pits, and other geologic features afforded by the local region. Indoor laboratory work consists of study of geological specimens and maps. Concurrent with Geol. 3 and 4. Fee, \$1.00. First and second semesters (1).

EVERYBODY except first semester freshmen calls him "Harry", although his name according to the University catalogue is really Augustus Henry Fretz, Ph. B., C. E., M. S., and his title, Associate Professor of Geology.

Most Arts men take Harry's field trip course as a distribution requirement, and mining and met engineers, geology majors, and others drift into it for one reason or another. When and if they complete the course they have been exposed to an amazingly diverse body of knowledge. They have learned the exact and scientific reason for the fact that while the cesspool on

the property of a Mr. C. A. Buck works to perfection, the cesspool of Mr. Eugene Grace, who is Mr. Buck's next door neighbor, works not at all and requires the semi-annual service of a large dump truck.

They have been instructed in the fact that the exterior trim of the South Side branch of the Bethlehem Public Library is faced with Stonington Maine Granite, and that the exterior trim of the Quinn grade school is of triassic red sandstone. They will have learned the fascinating why and wherefor of "Saint Luke's Fault" (which has nothing to do with the nurses), and they will have amassed a goodly store of off-color anecdotes, including the time-honored fable as to "Why General Grant Did Not Attend the Dedication of the Friedensville Zinc Mine". Most important of all, they will have encountered the resplendent personality of one Augustus Henry Fretz for the period of several months.

Harry lives in the snooty old Moravian section of Bethlehem in a house which bears on its wall a bronze tab-

let with the following legend in raised letters:

HORSEFIELD HOUSE

Built A. D. 1749, First Store in the Lehigh Valley

Harry, however, is not that old and he is no bourgeois storekeeper. Indeed as regards his financial position, it is persistently but unconfirmedly rumored that he is a "dollar-a-year-man"—one of those financially independent gentlemen who teach at Lehigh for the mere love of the game and who receive only a dollar a year from the University to make it legal.

He drives one of those large upright pianos known as 1928 Packard sedans at a rate never exceeding twenty-five miles per hour. He wears an old weather-beaten hat of anonymous color on all field trips. He smokes cigarettes down to the smallest imaginable butt, but doesn't throw them away till his eyes smart and his lips burn. He likes his students to call him Harry—perhaps because his real name is Augustus. His students like him and

continued on page 27

TWO CAKES OF SOAP

A College Story

by Bill Dukek

CAREFULLY he took off his glasses, polished them with the spotless silk handkerchief he always carried, wiped the mist from his eyes, and the light film of moisture from his forehead. How stuffy this room grows in an hour, he thought.

... and we find the modern econom-

ics just as conscious of the inevitable laws of supply and demand as ever...

Are they listening to me? Look at those rows of self-conscious restless students. The girls... how brazen... I wonder why they deliberately pull their skirts over their knees and cross their legs.

... now we must explain this com-

plex phenomenon called demand, and how it regulates not only the price scale, but our daily living...

Those young fellows, lucky devils, sitting their with their coats open to show the letters on their sweaters. No cares... no worries... That curly-headed football player over there, for example. He's not listening to me. I know it. He's been eying that red-lipped blonde next to him ever since he sat down... wondering what he'll do on his next date with her. Young puppies!

... if we examine these curves closely we find that we are seeing graphically this peculiar economic price level as a line...

I guess I used to be like him once... But I'm not such an old fellow, am I? Let's see... I was thirty-eight last April... Fifteen years ago since I was a student. I wonder if I used to yawn through economics lecture too... But what a long time that seems... fifteen years... The world is completely changed now... These young people must consider me just an old fogey now. Forty years old... God!

... just where does the marginal producer fit into the scheme of things? Let us first consider the shoe business... Here is Producer A...

It's astonishing how good-looking these young girls can make themselves appear today... Young hussies... they seem to know just what not to wear and what to bare today... See how they keep their blouses open... and the sleeveless dresses... Remarkably pleasant... exotic...

... the influences which determine the failure of success of the marginal producer are now apparent...

That dark little minx over there in red... appealing... I think she must be Southern... let's see. Seat K-7 yes... her name is Gloria Lee... Georgia... I remember now... one of the famous Lees she told me... delightful drawl... Pleasant person to talk to... pleasant to listen to... pleasant to look at. She's looking this way...

... we can state the law of marginal utility in simple terms if we consider



"She's looking this way..."

A CERTAIN COUNTRY

An Actual Letter From A Chinese Student Enmeshed In Chaotic Manchukuo

Peiping, China
October 14, 1936.

Dear Bill:

How have you been since I wrote you last time? I have returned from the Empire to China for my summer vacation on the beginning of July. I



made a trip over North China and Manchuria and I have been staying in the historical, antique and refined City of Peiping in North China for a rather long time.

Here, in Peiping, we have so many beautiful places, and one of them I tell you that the well-known lotus ponds are really so very wonderful and beautiful. And they would charme young men, who take a walk for appreciate them, to hesitate to part from them when they are in their full bloom.

Peiping is a graceful city and has many many universities and colleges, so it is a center of education in China. And it was an old Capital in ancient time.

I wanted to write you why I have been studying in the Empire instead of in China from the Empire as you would like to know it but I was fearful to send a letter on which I write things like that from the Empire of

Militarism. However, I can tell you the truth from Peiping. Now, since A Certain Country has possessed Manchuria by the means of her violent military operations, all universities and colleges are closed, and all the buildings of those many institute are using as the barracks of the Army of the Empire of the Militarism. and people who having home in Manchuria cannot spend their money in any territory outside of Manchuria and the Empire of the Militarism, that I means people in Manchuria are forbidding to remit their money to any countries except to the Empire of the Militarism. So young people are compelling to go over the Empire for study even though they do not want to go. This is one of her policies in Manchuria! and my home is situated in a small town near Mukden, Manchuria.

People go and return through in the frontier between North China and Manchuria, are investigating by the authorities of Manchuria (the Militarists of the Empire of the Militarism). The Militarists investigate the baggages of the passengers who go through the frontier and how much money they have. Some people has even sent their

The author of this letter is a young Chinese student with whom I have been corresponding since last year. His first message came while he was attending a university in closely censored Japan; hence, there was little he could say about far-Oriental conditions except for veiled insinuations that he would tell me "more" when he returned to the relative freedom of his own China.

He has never been to this country; and it is his one great dream to be able to come here to live and to get an education. (He doesn't know, yet, that citizenship rights are denied the Chinese.) Except for a change in the writer's name, this letter is worded precisely as it was received last week.

W. P. Gottlieb.



money from Manchuria to Shanghai and other places in South, Central and North China, and the money was confiscated by the Militarists! I made trip through the frontier for several times in the purpose of wanting to know the details of the condition of the trouble in the frontier. It was and is really so very dangerous. I want to know the detail of the trouble for finding how to bring my money from my home in Manchuria to outside as I will use it as my school expenses and the cost of living for going over America. So that even as the dangerous as it is, my sister has ventured to carry our money from our home, and when she approached near the frontier, the Militarists has confiscated the money! So I cannot go over your country. in the year of 1936.

For my plan: I want to carry a part of our property from our home to the United States, and will not return to our home as long as the violent Militarists has been devastating over Manchuria. And I intend to make our family to say that the student (means I) has cutted his connection from our home, when the Military authorities come to our home for asking where the student is gone. And I will make our family to remove our home from Manchuria to Nanking, the Capital, if it will b epossible. But the only thing



Studies in the open air: a geology field trip.



Dancing is not a rostered subject; but study is essential.



STUDIES ARE STILL THE MAJOR VIEWS OF A

by Robert



Where a man's mettle is tested — in the classroom.



Between classes — rest and talk.

Left — The desk, too, is a battle ground.

JOY INDUSTRY OF CAMPUS LIFE

OF MEN AT WORK

Robert Williamson

ONCE there was a Forceful Youth, whose aptitudes Lay in a technical direction, who said to himself, "Here now, my fine man, you should secure yourself an amateur Radio license, such as are Issued by the Federal Communications Commission. Thus you would further your Interests in many ways, deriving both enjoyment and knowledge, and enjoying distinction among your fellows."

Accordingly he set about preparing for the examination required of amateur Radio licensees. Applying himself in the Most Efficient manner possible, the Forceful Youth soon acquired a Thorough and Complete knowledge of the subject.

Fortunately (for the subject was a Difficult One) the Youth had had a Solid Foundation of technical knowledge at a foremost and reputable Engineering school, which he Attended as a student. So it was that before long he was able to lay aside His much-thumbed texts, and Dismiss the counsel of his technical acquaintances, with the assurance that he could master any examination Propounded by the Communications Commission. "Surely, it will be a Hard Fight," mused the Forceful Youth, "But in the end my Superior Grounding in the Principles of engineering, and my technical Background, will conquer."

Then he clasped his log-log slide-rule to him and, thus fortified, advanced On the Office of the Commission.

But it so happened that on the same Day the Communications Commission, being unhappily not cognizant of the approach of the Forceful Youth, had arranged to Examine Another Person. "The situation is easily resolved," said the Forceful Youth, when it was made known to him. "In this instance, you May sever the Customary red tape and award me my Radio License immediately. You may omit the usual examination, for I am a student at a Certain highly accredited engineering college, whose Very name, should I but mention it, would Inspire you with complete Confidence in my ability. Having thus invested me you would be free to examine this Other Person at your leisure."

The Commission officer bowed. "Indeed, I can have no Doubt about Your qualifications, for the name of the Certain College to which you refer is obvious, and is a sure Guarantee. With deep regret, However, I must decline your suggestion. The machinery of the Communications Commission is Woe-fully cold and Inflexible and incapa-

ble of coping with even so elementary a problem as this. I must Require you—as a mere formality, Nothing more—to take the prescribed Examination, along with this Other Person."

When the examination Was Over, the Other Person, who was undoubtedly Very stupid, sat chewing his pencil, and in his Eyes was the glaze of a man who is doomed. The Forceful Youth, with The magnanimous sympathy of the Strong for the weak, patted him gently on the Arm. "Do not feel downhearted, my man," he Said. "It was a hard Test even for me, and I am a Student at a Most Auspicious Technical University." And with that, the Forceful Youth turned to go, Curtly instructing the Communications Commission officer to forward the License immediately to his home.

The Officer, who had In The Meanwhile been correcting the examination Papers, now spoke. "One moment, please," he said. "I find after careful Study that this Other Person has Passed the Examination and has earned his radio License. And you, sir," indicating the Astounded Youth, "have failed."

"Amazing! Incomprehensible! Stupendous! cried the Forceful Youth. "But then it was Indeed a highly Ad-



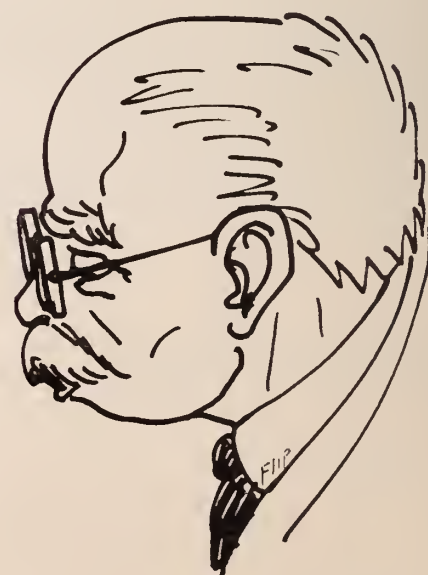
The Fable of the

by P. E. P. White

Forceful Youth and the Odd Individual

vanced and Intricate examination, and I may Content myself with the thought that Few Men in the state—nay, in the nation—could Have passed it. As for this Other Person, he has nothing but my warmest admiration. Surely, sir," and here he Spoke to the One who had Passed, "you are a research Engineer at one of our great electrical Corporations, or perhaps Some famous Radio scientist from Europe, traveling anonymously? I may as well let you know that I am myself a student of Electrical engineering at that Stronghold of physical wisdom, Lehigh University."

The Blank face of the Other flickered with the light of vague interest. "You honor me far too Highly; I am no such personage as You suggest," he replied. "By an odd coincidence, I am a Sort of Neighbor of yours. I am Assistant professor of Greek at Lafayette College."



OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



A HANDY TRICK

IT'S FUN WALKING IN THE RAIN! ISN'T IT, TIM?

YES, CHUBBINS—BUT IT'S TOUGH KEEPING A PIPE GOING



TIM, WHY DON'T YOU TURN YOUR PIPE UPSIDE DOWN?

IT'S AN OLD DODGE OF WOODSMEN AND SAILORS. THE TOBACCO STAYS DRY AND THE PIPE DRAWS WELL

SEEMS LOGICAL



BUT—IT TAKES A TOBACCO THAT STAYS PUT LIKE 'CRIMP CUT' PRINCE ALBERT

MY LAST LOAD OF TOBACCO TOO



YOU'RE RIGHT, JUDGE—THIS PACKS EASIER AND SNUGGER THAN ANY TOBACCO I'VE RUN INTO



LATER WELL, OLD RAIN-IN-THE-FACE, HOW GOES IT?

SWELL! P.A. NOT ONLY STAYS PUT—BUT IS SO MILD AND TASTY—I'M PUT TO STAY WITH P.A. FOR LIFE!



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P. A. IS MIGHTY FRIENDLY SMOKIN', MEN!

Yes, sir, Prince Albert is a real delight to steady pipe smokers. Being "crimp cut," you can count on P. A. to pack easily, burn cool and sweet, and cake up nicely. And thanks to our special "no-bite" process, Prince Albert *does not*

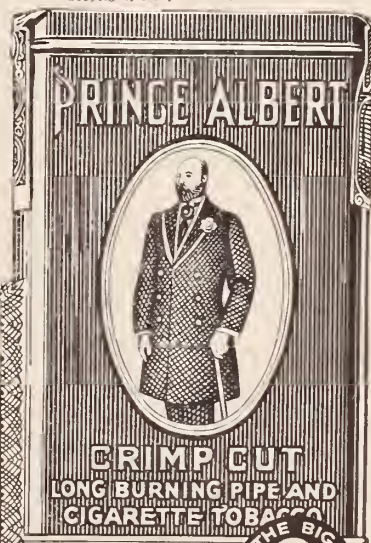
bite the tongue! You're in good company when you smoke Prince Albert. It's the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world. And it's swell "makin's" too. Try a handy pocket-size tin of Prince Albert—the "national joy smoke."

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Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert



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*Finest Quality Pipes
and Tobaccos to Suit
Every Taste and
Purse.*

•

A DATE FOR EIGHT

It Isn't Always Fate That Brings Two People Together

NO, THERE was no insanity in my family. I knew it was a stupid thing to do, but don't you see, I couldn't help myself. You can't just say "Goodnight, maybe I'll see you sometime" to a girl you've been dating at least once a week for a couple of months. After the rotten time we had, I didn't want to say anything about future dates, so the only way I could leave gracefully was by promising to call her.

That will be all right, I argued with myself. I didn't want to see her again and so I won't call. By not phoning she'll understand that we're through.

But then, I debated, that wasn't the sporting thing to do. One must be absolutely fair in these matters. After all we might meet somewhere and we'd both be embarrassed. Maybe after all

"Hey, Mom, the phone's ringing. Probably it's Al. Will you answer it please and tell him I'm not in? No, wait, you better not. He knows I'm always home right after supper and after going out with him so much I have to be nice to him. But what excuse can I give if he asks me for another date? I'd hate to go through another evening like the last."

Answering phone: "Hello."

Hello, it's Marion, isn't it?

Don't tell me you're not sure of my voice after all these months.

Just asked from habit.

I see (few seconds of silence).

Er . . . How are you?

Fine thanks.

That's good. Er . . . how have you been these last few days?

Fine thanks.

I phoned just as I promised, didn't I?

You certainly did.

You sound angry or something.

I'm not angry. What's there to be angry about?

I don't know, but you still sound a bit peeved.

Don't be silly, Al, of course I'm not.

Honest?

Honest.

Gosh, that's good. For a moment I hoped . . . er, I thought we were all through.

That was "hoped" you began saying, wasn't it?

Now you're the one that's being silly, Marion. I didn't mean anything of the sort.

You don't sound very convincing.

I certainly phoned because I . . .

Because what?

Well, I . . . really intended to ask you for a date, but since you sound so angry, I think we better let it go for a few weeks.

I sound angry! I told you I wasn't. But since that's the way you feel, maybe we better let it go.

What do you mean "if that's the way I feel"? Didn't I tell you I was going to ask you for a date?

But you jumped at the first chance to get out of it (To herself—Thank God).

Oh I'm not jumping to get out of it. But I certainly don't hear you jumping at a chance to go.

That's unfair and you know it. How can I say anything when you haven't asked me?

You've been practically asked for the last five minutes but since you're not anxious

Don't you dare say that again!

Well, it's true, isn't it?

No, it isn't.

It isn't?

No.

You're sure?

Yes.

Well . . .

Well what?

Well . . . will I see you this Saturday?

I guess so.

But you . . . well . . . what time?

Eight.

All right. Goodbye.

Goodbye.

(Both hang up and exclaim) Damn!

M. J. Q.

Mountain Typhoon

continued from page 10

the others, whose tents had been nearer the stream came rushing up and shouted, "For God's sake come on! The creek's coming right behind us!" And there it was, right behind them too, rising and flooding as quickly up the sides of the valley as it ordinarily ran downstream. Brown, heavy water, lashed with white foam, it was rising by feet per minute. I grabbed everything I could and stumbled after the others.

When finally we reached the refuge where the main party had camped, we found every tent down, and natives and white men running around like mad, trying to keep track of equipment and keep from being blown away. Suddenly we were held motionless, listening to a roar that rose above the roar of the wind, and grew louder and deeper. Perhaps it lasted for only a few seconds, but to each of us it was an eternity. All of us knew the moment it began that some great piece of the mountain high up above us, had broken loose, and had come down into the narrow valley not a hundred yards from where we were. And all of us had seen where such slides had taken place: thousands upon thousands of tons of earth and granite, roaring down a mountain side with the speed of an express train. We all knew, too, that we were just under one of the steepest slopes of the mountain side. There we were, a soft, steep mountain side, soaked and being torn by water and wind, above us, and a raging torrent that would hurtle huge boulders about like pebbles, rising up to meet us on the other side. Talk about being between the devil and the deep!

We sat, huddled over what equipment we could find, all knowing that there was almost no limit to the heights the roaring wind and slashing sheet of water it threw before it could reach. We knew that it might last an hour or that it might last two days. We knew we could not go up the mountain-side—it was too steep and too sodden with water. We knew, too, that if the rain kept up for long, the water would rise to where we were. But there was nothing we could do. It was like waiting for a death sentence—either complete acquittal or ultimate death. Occasionally someone would creep down to see how high the water had risen, come back, say nothing, and huddle down with the rest of us. I went once and nearly stumbled into the swirling, muddy foam, so soon and so unexpected-

AFTER WOOLLCOTT---

YURKA

Second on the Concert-Lecture Series
Is Miss Blanche Yurka. She interprets
"The Arc of the Theatre"

Miss Blanche Yurka, fresh from a memorable portrayal of Madame Defarge in the cinema version of "Tale of Two Cities," comes to Lehigh next month. This gifted actress will be breaking thick ice. She will probably be the first woman, certainly the first actress, to appear before a Lehigh audience.

In her program Miss Yurka will recreate some of the greatest roles in the history of the drama. More than once she will act in a part that through her interpretation became Broadway legend.



Miss Blanche Yurka

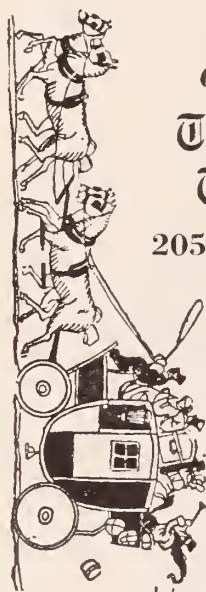
presenting

"THE ARC OF THE THEATRE"

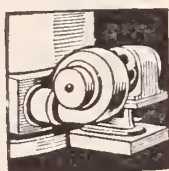
"Lysistrata" (The magistrate scene)	Aristophanes
"Electra" (two scenes)	Sophocles
"Romeo and Juliet" (The garden scene)	Shakespeare
"The Way of the World" (Millamant)	Congreve
"Hedda Gabler"	Ibsen
"Elizabeth the Queen" (Elizabeth)	Anderson

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edly did I reach its edge.

The typhoon had struck about eleven o'clock that night. By three-thirty in the morning the wind had begun to die down and the rain slacken. But none of us knew whether the storm had passed or not. A typhoon, like a tornado, travels in a great whirling circle, the center traveling no faster than two or three miles an hour, though the wind whirling around this center may reach seventy or eighty miles an hour in velocity. When struck by the front of a typhoon, one is first buffeted and torn by wind and rain on one side; then as the center is reached, there is calm, steady rain and little wind; then, suddenly the other side of the typhoon strikes, and one is torn and swept as fiercely from the opposite direction as in the first. We had no means of telling what part of the storm had struck us. Only waiting would tell us. But in the next hour, in which I dozed, wrapped in a soaked blanket, the wind died completely away and the rain dropped off to a few drops. The typhoon had passed, striking us only at its edge as it roared along.

We slept on until daybreak was well under way. What a sight met our eyes when we gazed out through the mountain valley that had been so quietly peaceful the night before! The stream had gone down a great deal from its highest point, but was still a madly rushing and roaring river. Not a hundred feet from where we were, great boulders lay strewn about where they had been thrown by the great slide the night before. And there, beyond, and reaching nearly to the top of the mountain was the result of the slide. A great shelf high up on the mountain side had broken loose and a rush of thousands of tons of rocks and dirt, gaining more and more in volume as it came, had torn down the slope, leaving a great new gash where it had passed. The fresh debris at the bottom reached halfway across the valley. As most of us stood staring and exclaiming, someone said, "Look!" and pointed to where the little native settlement had been the night before, on a little promontory across the valley. Where the half-dozen grass and bamboo huts had been, there was now nothing save a few bedraggled natives wandering aimlessly about. Everything they possessed, including their rice paddies that had been along the edge of the stream, was completely gone. As we looked up and down the valley we saw more of the typhoon's havoc. Slides, trees washed out, rice paddies along the sides of the valley completely de-

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molished, ruin, mud and water everywhere. One can hardly picture such a scene without having been at one once. And all had changed within the space of a few hours. We all knew only too well what had taken place and was still happening in the flooded and thickly populated lowlands.

Aside from a few odd pieces of clothes and the tents and cots we had left on the bank of the creek the night before, our party was hardly the worse for wear, once dried out. But our troubles were only beginning. Our food was nearly gone, and we were about fifteen miles from the nearest mountain road where our cars were, and fully eighty miles on a mountain road that would be half washed away, from the nearest town where we could get food. For a year it would be impossible to buy rice from the hill tribes how that their paddies were gone. Man! How well I remember how hungry I suddenly became at the thought of what our diet was going to be for the next week! And my mental picture wasn't wrong. It was eight days before a party of Philippine Scouts, sent in by my father, reached us with fresh supplies to last until the road was opened.

"The doctor will see you inside," said the nurse as she helped the patient onto the operating table.

—Buffalo Bison.



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Two Cakes of Soap

continued from page 12

an example or two. What matters most to us in this world?

Yes, what matters most to us . . . what matters to me? My teaching . . . my salary . . . my vacation . . . my books . . . my home. She's looking directly at me . . . those soft brown eyes. She's the only one in the room displaying the least sign of interest. Is there something wrong with me? Is my tie crooked? Maybe I left something unbuttoned . . .

. . . As I have repeatedly stated, we must go back to history to find the beginnings . . . the whys and wherefores of this science . . .

Something must be the matter with me . . . Why can't I give a lecture that will keep them alive and interested . . . Such stupid vacant faces . . . Wonder what time it is. Ah . . . only ten more minutes. Then I'm free till tomorrow . . . free to drowse through books and sit in my office. Damn! What a rotten life. I've got to get out of it . . .

. . . the institution we know as private property is more than just a product of environment. It is inherent in every being . . .

I need a vacation . . . I've lost my interest in things . . . that's the trouble. That girl . . . Gloria, is that her name . . . looking at me again . . . That's what I need . . . youthful stimulation . . . companionship with young people . . . I'm not so old . . . Wonder what's she thinking about me. Is she noticing the wrinkles around my eyes or the gray specks in my hair . . . Maybe I should take off my glasses . . .

. . . together with the institution of freedom of enterprise we have formed a solid base for our complicated economic structure . . .

Wonder what she's like when you get to know her . . . Looks like a delightful, delicious sort of armful . . . Guess she's about nineteen or twenty. She's fresh, vigorous . . . you can see that . . . What harm is there in associating with young people . . . Lots of men of forty marry girls much younger . . . I better stop staring at her . . .

. . . like a gigantic tree, this intricate tree we call natural science and economics branches out, touching every intimate detail . . .

Intimate! That's it . . . that's what I need . . . intimacy. Shake me out of it . . . I wonder if she's ever been in

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love. These young puppies don't know what love means . . . look at the smirking and supercilious way they go about it. I could sweep her off her feet . . . I've still got plenty of fire left . . . And I'm not exactly bad-looking . . .

. . . in order to see how the laws of supply and demand fit into our economic tree, we must consider the universal wants of mankind . . .

Wants! Yes, I want someone like her . . . That's it . . . Here, here . . . this will never do . . . You're an assistant professor in a big university. You have a reputation to defend and a tradition to uphold . . . You can't let your thoughts stray to these things. She's looking again . . . those brown eyes . . . those parted lips . . . I wonder if I could possibly arrange some kind of a meeting . . . accidental of course. She couldn't consider me anything else except her professor out of the classroom . . . Damn! If we could only be on an equal social level.

. . . and in conclusion, let us restate the general principles we have been considering this morning. First, the law of fixed demand . . .

I feel like hell. I've got to get out of here. There's no excuse for this. All young girls are alike . . . naive and innocent, flirtacious but amusing. Besides she probably comes from a nice



A quiet, soft-spoken girl . . .

aristocratic Southern family. She wouldn't dare. Thank God, the bell . . .

. . . That's all for the morning, young ladies and gentlemen. Be prepared for a short quiz next hour . . .

* * *

With a great rustling of chairs and fluttering of notebooks, the class as if momentarily released from a spell, sighed, coughed, scraped, and buzzed

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its way out of seats, and chattered through the narrow bustling door. Professor Hewitt, looking noticeably more uncomfortable and warmer than when he began his lecture gazed as if transfixed across the bobbing sea of student faces, as he elaborately wiped his glasses and mopped his brow once more. Nervously he put his glasses in his pocket, fingered his tie, and lurched back to his desk, grasping blindly for some papers. He looked ill.

A quiet, soft-spoken girl in the middle aisle carefully slipped her scarlet coat over her red sweater and brown fall suit, adjusted her tight leather belt and fluffed her dark curly hair. Tucking her handkerchief back into her pocketbook, she picked up an armful of books, and walked up the aisle toward the desk. Only the dull clatter of the departing class hovered over the empty classroom. Only the click-click of her heels could be heard as she approached the desk. Professor Hewitt raised his head.

He gasped. Could this possibly be? . . . Yes it was . . . Gloria Lee, herself . . . Why, this is the opportunity I've been waiting for . . . Do something . . . say something . . . I've got to say something . . .

"And what can I do for you, Miss . . . er . . . Lee, is that right?" he inquired twinkling. He felt his heart pound.

"Oh . . . Mister Hewitt (the way she said it!) I've got something very important to ask you . . . Can you spare a minute?"

"Why, my dear girl . . . I have loads of time . . . My time is just as free as yours." That's the approach. I must control this nervousness. God! She's beautiful . . .

"Well, Mister Hewitt . . . it's like this . . . I'm on the committee for the junior-freshmen banquet. That's going to be held next Saturday, you know . . . I'd like to have you come . . . I know it's awful presumptuous of me to come bursting out like this, but I had to ask someone . . . and I thought of you first . . ." She smiled dazzlingly into his flushed face . . .

"You mean . . . you mean . . . you want me to come to this affair . . . with you . . . as your guest . . ." This was unbelievable . . . the luck of the gods.

"Yes . . . you and Mrs. Hewitt. You know how these affairs are . . . there always has to be a faculty member present . . . So you're it . . . Tell me, Mister Hewitt . . . will you come?" She slyly found his eye . . .

He frowned, and jerked himself erect. Of course, how stupid of him

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not to realize in the first place. With cunning he leaned over till his face almost touched her . . .

"Maybe I'd better think this over . . . It's rather hard to recover from the pleasant shock of having such a beautiful girl make you such a pretty speech . . ."

"But, Mister Hewitt, we'd love to have you if you could make it . . . Can't you say yes or no . . ."

The peal of the telephone shattered his embarrassment.

She followed him into the office. "Excuse me . . . Hello, yes, this is he . . . oh hello, dear." He leaned over to her . . . "My wife . . . she always calls at eleven . . . I'll be with you in a minute . . ."

"Yes . . . yes, that's right, dear. No, nothing special. What do you want? A spool of thread, white cotton . . . and two cakes of soap . . . is that right? Yes, I'll get them on my way home. Who? The McLeod's . . . What about them? Saturday night? This Saturday night? But, dear . . . there's something else I ought to tell you . . . oh, it's all arranged . . . I see . . . All right, dear . . . yes, dear . . . Goodbye . . ."

He hung up quietly, and sat down suddenly in his desk chair. The girl whirled around from the picture she had been studying. She smiled through parted lips and vivacious eyes.

"I'm sorry, Miss Lee . . . I can't make it . . . I have another engagement. I'm awfully glad you asked me though . . . Perhaps . . ." He stopped.

"I'm so sorry you can't make it, Professor Hewitt. Perhaps some other time . . . Now, I've got to run. Good-bye." She whirled and was gone, flying through the corridor. The door banged heavily.

Professor Hewitt sighed . . . Yes, perhaps some other time. He wiped his brow, put on his glasses, and gathered his papers. I wonder who is taking her to . . . what was it now . . . junior-freshmen banquet? . . . He nervously lit a cigarette and puffed violently. The match he held in his fingers flared, burned blue, and went out. A thin wisp of smoke disappeared into the air. Softly he dropped the dead match. What was it Margaret wanted . . . a spool of white cotton thread and two cakes of soap?

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Two - Year Houseparty

continued from page 9

the acts were left unpunished. The sense of right and wrong I had had instilled in me at public school made me even more conscious of the fault. Here again was an example of pleasing the parent for business reasons. No father likes to be told of his son's guilt in an almost degenerate act—and such acts I have seen committed at the private school I attended. The father's first reaction is that his son's school environment is all wrong. In this case his first reaction is right.

I think it is fairly obvious that the principal difficulty with the private schools is the parents. The parents are paying the tuition, and they know what they want. If they don't get it, if their children don't bring home material proof that the tuition money is working, the parents will turn to where they can get what they want. Maybe a cure is at hand.

When my generation starts putting children in schools, maybe they will profit by their own observations, and this misunderstanding between school and parent will be remedied—that is, unless they would rather have their children spend two years at a house-party.

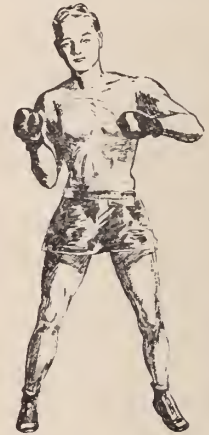


"That was the fall houseparty of '32."

Answers to Campus Quiz

- | | |
|------|-------|
| 1. b | 6. c |
| 2. d | 7. c |
| 3. c | 8. c |
| 4. e | 9. a |
| 5. a | 10. b |

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Is That All Right?

continued from page 11

usually get a big kick out of the course and the man.

But Harry's course is by no stretch of the imagination a snap. "Geology Laboratory and Field Trip" may sound innocuous enough as a course title, and Harry himself is a most benign and affable individual, but most students are unable to get better than a C or D grade, a very few reach B, and considerably more flunk the course than get A's. Indeed only about one brightly per semester is able to manufacture an A.

In the geology lab in Bill Hall there are shelves and shelves of rocks and rocks. There are about twenty sets of five trays each of different rock specimens, each tray having twenty-five specimens. Harry requires his students to be able to identify on sight said rocks for ye examination. Five times twenty-five is 125 white, pink, green, purple, soft, hard, powdery, translucent, opaque, crystalline, amorphous rocks. That is a lot of rocks, as well his students know.

Furthermore, they are required to know by memory that massive and intricate chart called "The Geologic Column", which resembles in more ways than one a map of the Moscow Subways, and probably contains more octosyllabic word-labels than does Webster's Unabridged.

Besides laboratory work the course takes prospective geologists to such places as "Opelt's Quarry", the Nazareth slate and cement mills, "Saint Luke's Fault", and certain wild and unexplored sections of South Mountain. Like R. O. T. C. there is no trip when it rains, but unlike R. O. T. C. there is an extra lab at such times.

Geology, and especially field and practical geology, is probably a dusty and moth-eaten subject as usually

taught. Harry, however, does succeed in making it, at least for the duration of the course, a vital and fascinating study. He seems to have an absolute sympathy and feeling for geologic processes, and when he wishes to convey to his classes a particular kind of crustal movement he actually goes through the motions. Be it spoken to his everlasting credit that through his terpsichorean antics, an occasional risqué story, his unaffected fraternity with his students, and his positive and exact knowledge of his subject matter, he succeeds in imparting to his sometimes slow-witted charges a surprising grasp of a really difficult subject. Harry is most conscientious about his teaching: after almost every statement he inquires in a solicitous Socratic vein: "Is that all right?"

When the final examination is over the student may retain no more geology in his cranium than he does of eco or calculus, but he will never forget the old hat, the ride to Slatington in Harry's automotive box-car, and the General Grant story.

"Now Bobby," the teacher said, "tell me where the elephant is found."

The boy hesitated for a moment, then his face lit up.

"The elephant," he said, "is such a large animal it is scarcely ever lost."

—West Point Pointer

Customer: "You know that music stool you sold me?"

Shopkeeper: "Yes."

Customer: "Well, I've twisted and turned it in all directions but I can't get a single note out of it."

—Williams Purple Cow

Dean: "So you're back in school. I thought that I expelled you last week."

Upstart: "You did, but don't do it again because my dad was plenty sore."

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—Pell Mell

"Marry me, Richard! I'm only the garbage man's daughter — but —"

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—Texas Ranger

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A Certain Country

continued from page 13

that, I have been considering, is that I have no way to take my money from our home in Manchuria to where I want go at present. However, I do not give up my hope, and will realize my original purposes in some way or other.

I took the examination for transferring in Yenching University in the City of Peiping, this summer, for I think the University is better than that University which is situated in the Empire of the Militarism, for going to America, because Yenching has so many American teachers, and that University is recognized by the State of New York and has friendly relations with Harvard University as there is an Yenching-Harvard Institute which I heard. For I want to study in Yenching for a short period, if I cannot go America, this year, in the year of 1936, preventing from the situation. And I have, fortunately, passed the examination. And then, I have been paying much attention to the surroundings and watching the present situation for judging which is free from danger to study in Yenching or go back over A Certain Country again for continuing my school. I am staying here, in Peiping, and considering, hesitating about, even though the two Universities has already begun, since the beginning of September. According to my friend say that it will be safer for me to go back again to the Empire. So I expect to start for there within October.

So as I am standing in the position under such the situation which has the power to exert an influence upon my will, I am greatly pessimistic indeed. For I have been planning of going your

country for so long time—several years ago. But I will NEVER give up my will, hope and plan. I will seek for an opportunity to go.

I would like to tell you that may I naturalize as an American citizen? For I, as you know, like the United States and want to make a deeper studies. I like peace, for I think war is a thing of destruction of civilization and is the enemy of human being. People say that American people like peace. When I will be able to naturalized an American citizen, I will live there in the United States for long long time. I hope you will tell me the possibility of the wish of mine and that how to be naturalize as an American citizen according to the law of naturalization of the United States, if it will be possible.

The Chung-Shan Middle School in which my younger brother is studying, will remove from Peiping to Nanking, the Capital, for the Army of A Certain Country will invade into North China. It is so very dangerous at present. As you doubtless know, A Certain Country of Militarism and of Aggressive Policy has been always taking her lion peep at North China with watching the stream of the present international current, by her design, after she has possessed Manchuria and greatly committed a great slaughter in Shanghai, as people called it the Shanghai War or Shanghai Incident. She has, once, made the people in North China, become on the strain, by dispatching in addition of her army into North China, at the midst of the bombing of Italy into Ethiopia. And this time, the internal trouble has been happening in Spain, and the countries in Europe—not only in Europe but in the World, are compelling to pay their attention

to the Western World and concentrating their focus of the line of vision into Spain. Now, this is the only opportunity for her to increasing her soldiers, dispatching her additionally-dispatched war-ships, sending her reinforcements, and flying her airplanes for action for the preparations for battle into China by every means of making every pretext or other which as newspapers has been, recently, reporting.

I am tired out to live and study together with such narrow-minded, crafty, fidgety and jealous nation of hostile feeling as the national traits of here! (the Empire of Militarism) I eagerly hope that the opportunity which will make me to go America, will come very soon for me!! I can not explain how I am glad even though I go your country only in my thinking and in my dream! For I am fascinated by your country. I greatly hope this thinking, this dream will come true as it is the great desire of my heart.

I hope you excuse me for I tell you my wish simply and honestly, and that the type-write is so very poor as I practice it in the first time.

I hope you have a pleasantest summer vacation and enjoying in attending your school again.

Sincerely yours,

HUA YENG

P. S.—I will let our family to try to remit my education fund from Manchuria to out for going over America, till next summer. If I will be prevented from doing so, again, by the authorities of Manchuria, I want to be a self-supporting student after I will go to your country, if possible. Do you think that can I find a work for supporting my education fund? As I told you that I made the plan for going your country for so long. I would like to work and live in the United States for my all life after I finished a university in America. May I have you tell me the possibility? If possible, I want to start from Shanghai to your country in an early date. So I hope you tell me soon. I want to meet and see you in personality. Write me soon, please.

Little Audrey and her brother were on the Empire State Building and her brother fell off, but Little Audrey just laughed and laughed and laughed because she knew that he didn't have another dollar to get back up.

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